to be interested in what I am writing; but I am concerned only with them, . . .

Dull hours in the Frankfurt botanical garden. I note these names of beautiful climbing plants: *Rhodochiton voliibile* with dark-purple heads; *Mina lobata,* gold and red in color; in the temperate greenhouse: *Lapageria superba rosea,* covering the ceiling; covered with flowers (in August), There is also a white variety. Much more beautiful than the passion-flower.

I could see through his forehead the narrowness of his ideas.

Blond haii*; pure blue eyes like a *Vergismeinnicht.* Though Mme Forster-Nietzsche was expecting me at five o'clock for tea, I tarried with the child, and a still younger child came to join him. We climbed up on a haystack; I hoisted them up onto the top and my clothes were soon full of bits of straw.

Mme Forster-Nietzsche, getting tired meanwhile of waiting for me, had started out in a carriage to look for me. In turn I started with the child to look for her. He accompanied me in the streets; he gave me his hand and talked constantly, in a full and transparent voice, although I understood but very little, When I went into Count Kessler's to pack my luggage (since I was to leave that evening), the child stationed himself, with two little comrades, on the steps of the house

opposite; he was waiting; occasionally, from the window, I would wave to him, and he would reply laughing. He refused to believe in my departure, and when I spoke of it, he said: *"Es 1st nicht wahr!"* Finally Mme Forster-Nietzsche's big landau called for me; I went down. Mme Forster-Nietzsche was in the carriage. I almost made the children get in. The tall footman covered with braid who helped me into my coat dazzled them; I was aware that they took me for a prince; and when I turned around for a last farewell, I saw my little friend weeping.

Sunday, back in Paris*